

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

B Y A L A D Y.

— Mrs Latches

*Mercy's the darling attribute of Heaven;
Candour's a gem that's to the generous given:
Unite but these—I ask nor lavish praise,
Nor adulations voice to swell my lays.*

B R I S T O L:

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY L. D. K.

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D E D I C A T I O N.

IT is a principle with those who present any Composition to the general view, to dedicate it to some distinguished Character, or to the Public: I shall depart from that adopted system; and request permission to confine my address to the Inhabitants of BRISTOL.

These feeble Essays were never composed with an intention to be perused, but by those who form the small circle of my acquaintance; and as it is common to all who behold an object with a partial eye, to discover some beauty, they were pleased to declare that these productions possess merit; and that they should feel happy in seeing them rescued from oblivion, by being committed to the press. Supported by such a flattering sanction, though my fears indicate their ideas were too sanguine, I have dared to intrude them on your notice: should you deign to grant them your protection, and should the reading of them create in your bosoms the least pleasure, I shall consider this the most auspicious era of my life.

THE AUTHORESS.

BRISTOL, January 12, 1792.

D E D I C A T I O N

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
AND TO THE
GENERAL PUBLIC
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AND TO THE
FUTURE GENERATION
OF THE HUMAN RACE
THE
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P O E M S, &c.

INVOCATION TO HOPE.

HOPE! brightest Star! divinely shine!
Infuse thine influence in my breast;
Dispel those glooms; my heart refine;
And give my *tortur'd* bosom rest.
Banish *Despair*, with his dire train,
With fiends infernal let him dwell;
Let mortals weak ne'er own his reign,
Confine the *tyrant* to his hell.
There let him frame in sulphurous foil
Those mischiefs he to wretches breathes,
Envelop'd in his dreary toil,
Encircle him with his own wreaths.

ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

SWEET *Sensibility*! soft pleasing guest!
 E'er shine celestial Virtue! in my breast;
 Give active vigor to my mental part,
 Exalt my mind, inform my anxious heart.
 Without *thy animation* life were drear—
 Possess of *thee*, we catch the falling tear
 From the full eye that drops—grown dim with woe;
 Well pleas'd to own, that bliss from tears can flow.
 Thou feel'st th' *Stranger's* griefs, the *Stranger's* ails,
 And pensive sits to hear his mournful tales;
 Then fain would lull his woe-worn frame to rest,
 And press the sufferer to his kindred breast.
 Devoid of thee—how blest his fate to mine
 Who stands, devoted wretch, to Death's dread shrine:
 Or galley slave, whom chains and power secure,
 Who loudly invokes the ling'ring hour
 When the unfetter'd soul shall force its way
 And smile, "in scorn," on the forsaken clay.
 Then dwell with me, and in thy gentle train
 Let *Sympathy* and *Love* for ever reign.
 When, shou'd the fates to mar my peace combine,
 That happiness the world oppose—were mine.

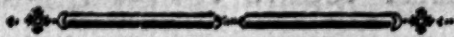
EVENING

EVENING REFLECTIONS ON BRANDON-HILL.

SOFT pleasing Twilight! welcome is thy glad
 Approach to weary man! he, forgetful still
 Of all the toils succeeding days present him,
 Salutes thee as the grey-clad harbinger
 Of solemn fable night. Brutes do thee homage—
 With silent cheerfulness attend thy mild
 Inviting. Ev'n the lovely feather'd race,
 Whose grateful melody makes groves and vales
 Echo, yet cease their warbling, unoppress'd
 With Care, repose their feeble frames, unconscious
 Of ill, or snares by artful fowlers spread
 To allure their innocence, or rash intent
 Of inquisitive boys, invaders rude
 Of liberty! on dew-besprinkled bough;—
 Prefs fond the senseless clod with filial love:
 Than these; what transport must the bosoms swell
 Of *Afric's* sons, forlorn mal-treated tribe,
 When Heav'n's Majestic emblem they behold
 Withdraw his radiance thence, to illuminate
 Other worlds! When even their base oppressors
 Content, permit them to recline their tortur'd
 Frames on beds, *inferior* far to those

Prepar'd

Prepar'd for pamper'd steeds. So absolute,
 O Night! hast thou dominion o'er the
Petty tyrant? Mak'st him forget the
 Oblivious draught infused! *Men they*
Doom—infringing justice and humanity—to
 Feel the powerful scourge, and groan beneath
 Unnatural tyranny, which God abhors:—
 O merciful Disposer of events!
 Inspire the breasts of the "*Noble few*," foes
 To *cruelty and avarice*, to crush their
 Dreadful power! that distant nations may
 Learn of Britain's Senate, *Justice and Mercy*.



WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON SEEING A MOTH HOVER AROUND A
 CANDLE.

THOU busy, restless, silly fly,
 Why wilt thou into danger run;
 Dost thou not dream it is so nigh,
 Or careless art to be undone?
 With patience wait the destin'd hour
 That puts a period to thy date;
 Nor vainly *arrogate* the power
 To crush the *property* of fate.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS TO MY SON, ON HIS ATTAINING THE EIGHTH YEAR
OF HIS AGE.

MAY each revolving year convey
To thy young taintless mind,
Refinements that a few display!
And *fewer* seek to find.

May knowledge from her dark recess,
Disclose her choicest store;
Her richest gifts may'st thou possess,
And ever covet more.

May Nature's God inspire thy breast
With Sentiments supreme;
In him *alone* to fix thy trust,
Disdaining life's dread dream.

May'st thou awake, to *Honour* rise,
Love *Honesty* and *Truth*;
Humanity's sweet dictates prize,
Simplicity's mild worth.

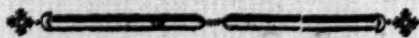
May *Envy* nor *Revenge* e'er seek
Thy bosom to assail!
Their *baneful influence* from thee keep;
Let *Candour* fair prevail.

B

Possest

Possess of *Sympathy* and *Love*,
Thy morning-life shall softly glide;
Thy noon-tide ray shall soar above,
And evening-sun in peace shall slide.

Thy Mother's ardent wishes these,
To give them *force* may'st thou aspire!
Her throbbing breast will then get ease,
And ev'ry care with life expire.



INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

EMBLEM of Death! thy sov'reign pow'r I crave!
Enwrap my sense in thy oblivious veil!
For a short space entomb me in thy grave!
Nor let stern fancy my sad soul assail.
But while thy gentle influence I possess,
May sweet *Content* and *Friendship* me surround;
That *animating* this *celestial* guest!
In this uncourteous Region are they found?
Yes: sweet *Content* in every soil doth grow,
But *Friendship* is a plant of heavenly birth;
Too rearily she's transplanted here below,
Or deigns with rays divine to cheer this earth.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS TO MY GOLDFINCH.

MY lovely warbler! chaunt thy lay;
 Early salute the new-born day:
 Hail the approaching Sun!
 With sweet delight thy mistress hears;
 Superior rise to all her cares,
 Mindful of thee alone!

May ev'ry happiness attend,
 And Virtue's Guardian God defend,
 Fair *DELIA's gentle form!
 With smiling health may she be blest,
 Nor adverse cares seek to molest
 Her life's auspicious morn!

For thou, the fairest of the throng,
 Let me invoke each Genius long
 To give thee life and pow'r!
 And when thou shuts thine eyes in death,
 With thy last gasp I'll mix my breath,
 And mourn the destin'd hour!

B 2

THE

* The Bird was given to the Authoress by a Young Lady.

THE COMPLAINT.

INSCRIBED TO MR. L—L.

TURN, graceful Stranger! turn to view,
A wretch with woe oppress'd;
Sure Godlike virtues dwell in you!
Direct my steps to rest.

In search of happiness I roam,
But roam alas! in vain;
No *faithful friend*, no happy home,
No *period* to my pain.

Some cordial drops of comfort give
To stay my fleeting breath;
I'd fain a little longer live,
I'd make a truce with Death.

There are who claim my active skill,
Who invoke my aid,
To save their innocence from ill;
My lovely Boy and Maid!

The fickle Goddess Fortune! smil'd
To bless their Natal hour;
Their early infancy beguil'd
With her delusive pow'r;

Yon

Yon azure Canopy appear'd
To shed its genial rays ;
Fair Nature's gifts their forms uprear'd
To cheer their halcyon days.

But ah ! too soon the Goddess frowns—
The flatt'ring Vision dies—
Her wish with adverse fate abounds,
She comes with threat'ning eyes.

Heav'n's fair expanse assumes a hue
That bears terrific sway ;
Its lovely tints are lost to view—
And darkness marks our way.

" My gentle fair, MENTOR replies,
No more thy griefs bemoan ;
I with the wretched sympathize,
I feel for them alone.

This World I know with ills are fraught,
In various shapes they throng ;
To give the Sons of Folly thought :
Which they've neglected long.

But see ! in her grey mantle drest,
Mild Ev'ning nimbly treads,
To give to Earth her wonted rest,
To tune her verdant beds !

Attend

Attend with me to yonder bow'r,
Where peace and love unite;
Well pleas'd, I'll soothe the tedious hour
Till the returning light.

Then when the Morn's refulgent ray
Shall rise, with mirth to cheer
Fair Nature's animated clay,
To smiling Heav'n most dear!

I'll meditate the pleasing way
That leads to *endless rest*;
Which, if you'll cheerfully obey,
You'll own your labour blest."

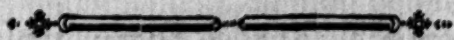
The Morn return'd in blooming grace,
The fields renew'd their pride;
Content appear'd in ev'ry face,
And *pale-ey'd Envy* died.

When with a voice more sweetly tun'd
Than ORPHEUS's melting Lyre,
The charming Orator illumin'd
My soul with Wisdom's fire.

"This zealous counsel of my breast,
Now kindly I bestow;
To stimulate thy soul to *rest*,
Where *stable* pleasures flow.

From

From life's bleak shore exalt thy mind
 To him who lives above;
 When you abundantly will find
 The blessing of his love."

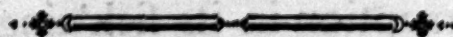


THE SKULL'S HARANGUE.

WHY look aghast—and turn at sight of me?
 My hollow Scalp doth no harsh terrors bring;
 It would persuade in soothing artless strain;
 And teach you to disarm Death of his sting.
 That I was mortal once—you need not doubt!
 That once like you did dread to house with worms;
 To grow familiar with my kindred dust,
 And taste corruption in its sick'ning forms.
 But *Hope*, on *Faith* dependant, did me lead
 With gentle hand, thro' shadowy tracts of Night;
 And *Death*, with brow serene, to me did give
 A *happy passport* to the realms of light.
 If you to *God Supreme* due rev'rence give;
 To *Man* his *image*, next be kind and just:
 With smiling face you'll meet the mandate sure,
 And joy to corp'rate with your native dust.

The

The habiliments of Death your Saviour wore,
 That you with heav'nly splendor might be clad !
 These solitary shades God did explore,
 To scatter fears, to make the mourner glad.
 The dark, the narrow tomb, in humble guise,
 Your *meek Redeemer's* sacred form possess'd !
 Thro' Christ renew'd, your inert frame shall rise,
 To seek the Mansions of eternal rest.
 When GABRIEL, high in pow'r, shall wing his way
 With extasy, to speed his God's behests !
 To summon millions whence they slumb'ring lay,
 To herd with *fiends*, or be of *God* the guests !
 The latter's blissful portion you will share ;
 Eternal Allelujahs you will raise
 To God Omnipotent, and Saviour dear,
 Who *conquer'd Death*, and claims exalted praise.



WRITTEN ON BEING ASKED BY A GENTLEMAN, MY OPINION OF
 THE FOLLOWING AUTHORS, AND WHICH I GAVE THE PRE-
 FERENCE TO.

TO YOUNG's sad strains my heart with transport glows !
 SHENSTON's sweet verse breathe soft the Lover's woes :
 GAY's pleasing theme the cheerful mind must chuse,
 While GRAY's lov'd Song * delights the pensive muse.

In

* His ELEGY.

In THOMPSON'S Page, meekness with grace combine,
 In HERVEY'S, beauties most divinely shine :
 In MILTON'S, I admire Majestic lays ;
 But POPE'S triumphantly shall wear the bays.

ON SEEING A PIGEON IN THE AIR.

O FOR the wings of yon mild Dove !

To fly from envy, care, and strife ;

A Wilderness may shew more love

Than I can find in this mad life !

Sweet Solitude can joys impart

That selfish Man can ne'er bestow !

It gives a gentle open heart,

Lustre benign, and truths to know.

To contemplate fair Nature's sense,

To see in all a hand divine,

Admits to reason just pretence,

That God is love ! in every line !

A TRIBUTE.

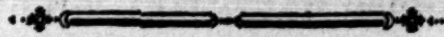
WHAT tho' in quick succession Stars appear,
 The glorious Sun is ever bright and clear !
 Those lesser Orbs can ne'er his radiance shade,
 For with immortal splendor he's array'd :
 No more can humble merit throw a veil
 On real worth—its lustre will prevail !

With tender sympathy my bosom glows !
 To ease your wrongs, and to relieve your woes !
 With Eagle-flight my Soul would scape her bounds,
 To pour the balm of comfort o'er your wounds.

Angelic Liberty ! thou source divine !
 Shall mortals dare to manacle thy power ?
 Shall the best gift which Heav'n did deign assign
 To guilty man when drive from Eden's bow'r !
 Be trampled on by *violaters base* ?
 And *Scourge*, and *Chains*, and *Food* to horses due,
 Be long prepar'd for that unhappy race,
Afric's sad sons ! while they their direful task pursue !

Forbid

Forbid it *justice, honesty, and love,*
 Conspire ye heaven-born souls! and crush the throne
 Of *avarice vile*—so shall the blest above
 Resound your triumph to the Almighty One:
 Who sweetly will approve the glorious deed
 Which so *congenial* to his *Orders* are;
 For smiling *mercy* came, mild Heaven's meed,
 When *justice* stern did call for doom severe.



A KING on paying a visit to the Philosopher that reflected a lustre on the Age in which he lived, found him confined with a fit of the Gout, which the King regretted, supposing that the malady would deprive him of the happiness he might enjoy in the venerable Sage's conversation; but that great Man placidly replied,—“That he did not consider his distemper a grievance;” and when the disease was most pungent, exclaimed,—“Pain! “Pain! be as troublesome as you please, thou shalt never persuade me thou art an evil!”*

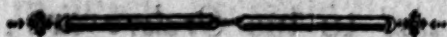
“**C**ONSIDER *Pain* an evil! no!”
 The noble Grecian cry'd;
 “Not ev'n Death can terrors find,”
 Then smil'd on fate and died.

C 2

Would

* SOCRATES.

Would erring Mortals to his rules adhere,
 Adopt his precepts, scorn the force of fear ;
 Malice malign wou'd fly her conqu'ring reign,
 And ills collected own their rage were vain.



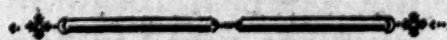
WRITTEN ON SEEING A ROBIN UNDER MY WINDOW.



COME thou here, sweet gentle Stranger !
 To my peaceful lone abode ;
 I'll protect thee from all danger,
 Leave the barren frosty road.
 I'll fondly watch thy ev'ry care,
 And sweetly soothe thy fears to rest ;
 No foe shall e'er approach thee near,
 To raise rude tumults in thy breast.
 Th' gratitude I ask of thee,
 Are the soft warblings of thy throat ;
 Th' lovely graces, gay and free,
 Must flow in each enchanting note.
 Then come, my pretty Songster come,
 To cheer my sad, my penfive mind !
 Make my retreat thy favour'd home,
 When thou shalt ev'ry comfort find.

AN INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER.

ACCCEPT, most honour'd shade ! soft friendship's lay,
A tribute sad, thy mournful daughter brings :
She fain would breathe in sweet elegiac strain
Thy triumph over Sin and Death's fell stings.
Eighty revolving years thy course did tell ;
Religious precepts did thy mind employ ;
The hoary Sire blest thy bounteous hand,
And lisping Babes did grasp the promis'd joy.
The faithful's great reward thou dost obtain ;
Securely here thy mortal part shall rest ;
May each rude foot this sacred spot restrain,
Till the last trump shall render thee full blest.



AN INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF MY THREE INFANTS, WHO
DIED UNDER A YEAR OLD, AND LIE ENTOMBED TOGETHER.

IN life my Babes more lovely were,
Than blooming roses, lillies fair,
Or gems of brightest hue ;
Their Maker's image they confest !
In beauty's grace their forms were drest !
In death they're lovely too.

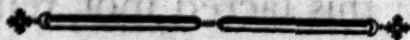
Thou

Thou sacred Tomb ! their dust so dear,
 Preserve with reverential care,

Till Heaven's dread Mandates fly ;
 Then faithfully thy charge present,
 The precious trust to thee was lent,
 To rise more gloriously.

With smiles benign their Saviour meek
 Approach—at that great day to greet,

With sounds, " Ye blessed come !
 Join my august triumphant train,
 With me your lov'd Redeemer reign,
 Heaven's your eternal home."

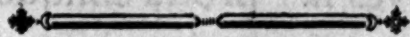


MY OWN EPITAPH.

ON life's bleak shore I long did roam,
 Beset with ills, by *cruel power oppress'd* :
 At last I've found, tho' drear, a peaceful home,
 Where no rude blasts disturb, no fears molest.
 Blest be the day that gave my hapless frame
 Familiar to meet th' embrace of Death !
 Adieu vain world—adieu to friendship's name—
 Happy I mingle with the silent earth.

In

In humble confidence I lie me down,
To rise refin'd at that great awful day,
When this poor form shall struggle for renown,
And through death's barriers force its eager way.



AN ADDRESS TO DEATH.



WRITTEN ON HEARING A GENTLEMAN DECLARE, THAT HE HOPED
A VERY LATE PERIOD WOULD TERMINATE HIS EXISTENCE.



DEATH! what art thou? that dares with wild affright,
To make the valiant fear to mix with night!
What mystery obscure, dost thou possess?
To scare the soul from sinking into rest!
Vain meagre phantom! scan thy boundless power,
Thy conquering sway abate e'er that dread hour,
When victory o'er thee shall be obtain'd,
And thou grim foe! as tho' thou ne'er hadst reign'd.
Yet not to all in gloom art thou array'd;
Helena's* soul can view thee undismay'd:
To her thou wear'st the heavenly form of friend,
To calm life's tempest and its troubles end.—

The

* The AUTHORESS.

The grave's the hapless mourner's blest retreat,
 The tyrant's home, the refuge of the great,
 The matchless hero all his glories past,
 Allows a kindred with the grave at last.
 The lovely fair gives her proud conquests o'er,
 The smile enticing, she adopts no more :
 There undisturb'd Earth's mighty troublers rest.
 " And blended lie th' *oppressor* and th' *opprest*."

THE ROSE, A SONNET.

FAIREST of flowers! blithe, fragrant and gay!
 Pride of glad Summer! sweet offspring of May!
 Display thy bright beauty, its lustre disclose,
 To deck Nature's garden, shine thou lovely Rose.

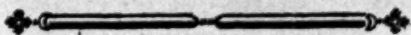
The Lillies Majestic, with envy thee view,
 The Jessamine sickens, the Sunflower too;
 The Tulips turn pale, and drooping decline;
 T' see thee unrival'd with envy they pine.

Surround'd by powers that emulous glow,
 T' invite the Fair's hand their graces they show;
 Yet vain their endeavour to gain the rich prize,
 The Carnation withers, the Hyacinth dies!

Ev'n

Ev'n beautiful LAURA, who boasts HEBE'S bloom,
 Whose lips vie with coral, and breathe sweet perfume;
 To thee yields the triumph, in secret disguise,
 And darts unkind beams from her conqu'ring eyes.

Fairest of flowers! blithe, fragrant and gay!
 Pride of glad Summer! sweet offspring of May!
 Display thy bright beauty, its lustre disclose,
 To deck Nature's garden, shine thou lovely Rose.



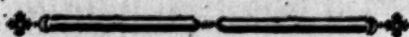
REFLECTION.

WILL the great God who sits enthron'd
 In glory's radiant vest,
 Descend to hear the wretches cry,
 Or give the weary rest?
 Mercy divine! incline thine ear,
 The suppliant's moan befriend;
 The contrite sigh, oh! deign to hear:
 To the pure wish attend.
 Th' angelic squadrons of the sky,
 Who chant celestial lays,
 Confess how impotent their power
 To sound the Saviour's praise;

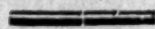
D

And

And shall an abject child of dust
 Dare lift the trembling eye?
 Or own the thought to explore th' worth
 Of Majesty on high.
 With Jesu's blood Lord wash my soul,
 And I shall fairer be
 Than new-blown lillies of the vale,
 Or pearls that deck the sea.



GRATITUDE.



GRATITUDE! thou favor'd theme that Angels sing,
 With voice responsive to their mighty King,
 Their own triumphant state, with one accord,
 Ascribe with joy, to their Omnific Lord.
 They sing creation form'd! the Saviour died!
 Thro' him their nature to the God allied!
 The ethereal space of light with rapturous gaze
 They view, and brighten in the fond amaze.
 Could mortals hope to rival tongues divine,
 To echo truths that swell the heavenly line,

To

To thee, great God, my humble voice I'd raise ;
But oh, too weak's my voice to sound thy praise ;
I'd emulate the glowing Seraph's lyre,
And ardent breathe the transports they inspire.

THE SAME.

TO you whose generous souls * with pity glow,
To soften cares that do from sorrows flow,
Accept the tribute of a heart sincere ;
In grateful breasts, sensation ever dear ;
May all the joys that fortune can bestow,
With cheerful health, be given you to know ;
Late, very late, may you be call'd from hence,
To taste in happier climes the bliss of sense ;
Where, pleasing thought!—pleasures eternal spring,
Nor own the fears that earthly comforts bring.

* BRISTOLS.

F I N I S.

To thee, great God, my humble voice I raise;
But oh, too weak's my voice to sound thy praise;
I'd emulate the glowing Seraph's fire,
And ardent breathe the transports they inspire.
The same old story, the same old song,
The same old story, the same old song.

To you whose gracious love with pity glow,
To listen cares that do from sorrows flow,
Accept the tribute of a heart sincere;
In grateful thanks, fondation ever dear,
May all the joys that fortune can bestow,
With earthly health, be given you to know;
And very late, may you be called from hence,
To take in happy rest of sense;
Where, pleasing things, eternal spring,
Nor own the tears that carry comfort bring.
The same old story, the same old song,
The same old story, the same old song.

